

Prin. O my sweete beefe, I must stil be good Angell to thee,
the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my rather, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do
it with vawasht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that
can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or therea-
bout: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels: they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I
prayse them.

Prince. Bardoll.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
To my brother *Iohn*: thisto my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Coe, Peto, to horse: for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hofteffe*, my breakefast, come,
Oh, I could wish this rauerne were my drum.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well sayd, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should goe so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongue of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,

No man so potent beaues vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot.

Hot. Doe so, and 'tis well: what let
but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come from you.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leisure to

In such a iustling time? who leades he

Vnder whose gouernement come the

Mess. His letters beare his mind, no

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth hee kee

Mess. He did my Lord, foure dayes

And at the time of my departure hee

Hee was much feard by his Phisicion

Wor. I would the state of time had

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was neuer better worth

Hot. Sicke now? droope now? this sic

The very life-blood of our enterpriz

'Tis catching hither, euen to our cam

He writes me here, that inward sick

And that his friends by deputation,

Could not so soone be drawne, nor di

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remou'd, but on his ow

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisem

That with our small coniunction, we

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs

For, as he writes, there is no quaili

Because the King is certainly posses

Of all our purposes: what say you t

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse, is a mai

Hot. A perilous gash, a very litame l

And yet, in faith it is not his present v

Seemes more then we shall finde it.

To set the exact wealch of all our Sta

All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfu

It were not good, for therein should

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